

Belsaas brought the  
wood, a liberal cord he  
called it, dumped it  
all over the backyard.

Stood up against his truck &  
rolled a cigarette,  
talked about his  
farm & how he hoped  
it snowed before the  
freeze set in, about  
the state of the nation,  
how he'd just as soon  
drive horse & buggy as a  
car, how the power shortage  
was a blessing in  
disguise, people move  
too fast &  
want too much,  
why he'd just read  
that very morning that they  
were running out of  
toilet seats,  
a turmoil over toilets,  
ain't that some shit?

A small hard man,  
leaning up against his  
truck, smoking roll-yr-owns,  
in no hurry.

This business of  
growing,  
this business of  
developing from  
style to style,  
progress they call  
it, a poet  
finding his way.

Dancing to an-  
other man's  
drum I call  
it, the most  
terrible of all  
cons, slamming  
each door shut  
behind you,  
walking a  
straight line  
into the

trap.